

Patterns '66

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by Joan Smith

Port Huron Junior College

Port Huron, Michigan

Preface



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This eighth issue of **Patterns** magazine presents winning entries and other selected entries in the annual Contest. There were one hundred and twenty-six manuscripts. Of these sixteen were short stories, seventy were poems, eleven were critical essays, and twenty-nine were personal essays. There were seventy-eight ink drawings in the art division. The sponsors and judges congratulate the students of Port Huron Junior College for their increased participation this year.

The judges regret that there was not enough space to publish many more entries of recognized merit.

Richard Colwell, Grace Donaldson, and Blanche Redman are the judges this year. They are all faculty members of Port Huron Junior College.

It was with great satisfaction that the judges found competent entries in all winning categories. Indeed, there were two short stories that equally shared First Honorable Mention.

A personal note of interest is that Catherine Guitar, first place winner for her critical essay, will be joining the Peace Corps in June. Her assignment is to teach English in the Philippines. Best wishes are extended to her on this fine mission.

Heartiest appreciation is extended to all the participants and students of Port Huron Junior College for their active interest in **Patterns**.

Blanche Redman, Director

Judges:

Richard Colwell

Grace Donaldson

Blanche Redman

Art Judges:

Earl Robinette, Art Department

Blanche Redman

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short story



by Dennis Pagen

A Short Story

by

Nancy Kempf

It was an icy, dark December day, still in the early morning, when he found himself in the bare room, lightless and paintless. The wind whistled through the cracks in the weather-aged boards. He had not been here in many, many years — he could not think of the number at the moment.

The sight of the house in this condition was expected, but the shock of its reality seemed too much to bear now. He closed his eyes and tears melted his frozen cheeks. He remembered grandma crying like this once, a long Christmas day ago when he gave her a small wooden horse he had carved so diligently to make perfect for her. He remembered how all his aunts, uncles, and cousins had gathered on that Christmas day, as others. Everything in this house was warm and yellow and cozy with the fire in the fireplace and lights on the tree, and the people all loving each other. After dinner and presents, his favorite cousin Susie and he would steal up to the attic and dig through the dusty books that belonged to the other generations. It seemed that the best present of all was one of those books Grandma would permit them to keep . . .

Grandma . . . Grandma and Grandpa . . . the most perfect man and woman that had ever lived. It must be that people can grow out of sin, he thought. He knew them only when they were old, and they always had, it seemed, been under God's haloes. God always seemed about them, continually blessing them, especially in this house. It always heard his prayers, shouts of laughter and sometimes cries of sadness.

. . . cries . . . shouts . . . shouts of . . . shouts!

"Why live this mad wheel of life and death!? What in hell is it all about anyway!? Good people die, just like the bad!"

"It isn't fair — a lifetime of laughter recollected ends in tears — as does a lifetime of tears! Oh God, it isn't fair!"

The imbalance echoing in the silence struck him to realize that he had been screaming through his anger of injustice.

He opened his eyes but was still blinded by water — salty water that seemed to run endlessly into his mouth and back in the circle to his eyes again.

He cleared them to see the darkness vanishing, for presently the sun broke through the greyed clouds. He ran outside to meet it.

It was the clock to remind him that it was almost time for all the children to be coming home with their little ones for Christmas dinner and presents.

He hurried to the car.

Faces

by

Stephen J. Sessie

Out there the grey mountains were beckoning in their solemn grace. So quietly they slumbered in the half-light of dawn. So noble in repose in a far-off place beckoning to all of us who were soon to pass over them and explore the folds in their bony-rock faces. Where the early light probed its tender fingers over the summit to breathe new light into this valley where yet another day had begun, that everyone would know the meaning of life. An inaudible strain of joy, unheard by those save here, drifted on the air as I took in the sweep of this valley. In a little while the early light of a fresh-born sun had found its way into all the dark places and cleansed them with new warmth. I, too, sensed this feeling of freshness.

Railroad tracks, hard and glinting, aimed themselves down the valley in one direction as far as the eye could see. They sprouted right here at the station where I stood, and by following their course with my eyes, I knew they must pass over the mountains.

A large number of people were milling around at the waiting platform. The train would begin its journey any moment now. Someone hollered "all aboard!" and the wooden platform resounded with the clatter of our own feet. Just before I boarded the train an odd thought occurred to me. I didn't know where I was going. I don't know why I didn't know, but I didn't. That may seem unusual but who among us hasn't driven down some lonely road just to see where it leads? I could not resist the temptation to look back over my shoulder at the little depot. The signboard on the peak of the gable read "Genesis."

Dark, subdued tones of the train's interior required some time to adjust to the difference in light. Walking down the aisle I saw an empty seat across from another man. My baggage was disposed of and I slumped into the vacant seat to await our departure. The last call was given and in a matter of moments the train began to pull away. Slowly at first, lurching hesitantly, then gathering momentum until the passing countryside was a blur.

At first I was interested only in the fresh experience of the ride itself as mile upon mile rolled by. Gradually this new-found emotion wore off and I began to take stock of my fellow passengers. They, too, had begun to become aware of each other and a little game developed. Each passenger, curious of the others, would cautiously scan their faces, always being careful not to let this intent become known. I surveyed each face (that was pointed in my direction) and tried to guess some little secret that spoke louder than mere words. For some reason all the faces seemed blurred or out of focus. Those people who presented only the back of their head for judgment were even more unobtainable.

Until now no one had spoken. Perhaps if they would only break out with some conversation, I would feel more at ease. Why did everyone persist in staring ahead in a common monotone of complete silence? A strange word whirled through my thoughts. Zombie. Zombie. That

terrible human form brought back from death to roam the earth as an unblinking robot, knowing neither sorrow nor happiness. How aptly that term from the Dark Continent served to describe them.

"They're an odd looking group, aren't they?" uttered the man seated across from me.

"What? Who?" was my response, surprised at the opportunity to finally talk to someone.

"The passengers, I mean. They haven't said a word since we left Genesis. I've studied their faces but they seem to be blurred and far off. I've been watching you too. You've been watching them."

"Yes.", I replied, somewhat annoyed that a stranger should be able to read my mind.

"I've only been on this train for a little while and I don't think I would like to know any of them."

"How can you say that if you've never met them before? You don't even know them."

"Oh, I can tell. I don't need to know them to tell what they're really like."

"You can tell?"

"Of course. Anyone could, just by the way they look, their voices, the clothes they wear, the way they walk, but most of all by the expressions on their faces. That's the best way to judge people. Look about you and what do you see? Nothing but a hodge-podge of humanity. That man just ahead of us, the one in the grey suit. Probably he is a crooked businessman. Or that coarse-featured woman in the calico dress. A stingy old hag, no doubt. She probably shrieks at her husband from sunrise to sunset — if she has a husband. I believe they give away their innermost thoughts by the expressions they wear on their faces. I am afraid of them."

"This is sheer nonsense. You said their faces were blurred. Your argument is defeated by your own words. First you say their faces are indistinct and then judge them by the very thing neither of us can see. No, it's wrong to weigh each life in balance because of our countenance and manner. These two things are only superficial."

He leaned forward and glared at me. "Your face is blurred too, you know."

This disturbed me greatly. I broke off our conversation by turning away toward the window to dwell upon the passing countryside. In a little while the train seemed to slow down momentarily as we passed the town of Fear and its sister town Unknown. How lonely and yet at the same time similar the two were. Each house looked like the one next to it — each street shrouded tunnel-like by a dark corridor of trees which shut out all light. These were strange places — places that I wouldn't want to linger in very long. How sharply they contrasted to Genesis which seemed so ebullient with the freshness of its own youth.

Other towns appeared as we rolled on. Their names are not important, but each one had its effect on those who passed by. I wondered

about those who came before me and those who would come after I left. Even mighty Caesar had paid them homage when he passed this way. These, then, were the real lions that ruled the valley.

The train rattled on, all the time leading us to our destination, a place that I gradually realized I would know. The afternoon's golden glow was fast fading into evening shadow. The sun had long since sunk beneath the mountain top and all the spirits of dusk had silently crept out of their secret hiding places to usher in the evening. Farms and shapes that once seemed crystal clear now melted with a gone-for-good finality. It was the time when each kind soul, in elegiac retrospect, must ponder when yet another day is spent.

Little lights came on overhead to lend some warmth to our drab compartment. Nothing had really changed. No one had revealed his identity, possibly because he wished it that way. Somehow it was no longer important that they did. After my conversation with the ugly man, (who has a counterpart in every quarter, no matter what strange tongue he may speak) I no longer looked at these people in the same way.

Time was fleeting now. The train sped on faster. The dark replaced the dusk. The ebony outside and the lights inside, made a dull mirror out of the window glass. I could see a vague reflection of myself in this mirror, and I wondered.

The Fog

by

Robert Hustman

Slowly, slowly it creeps
Enclosing a ship, taking the sea,
Closer it comes, so great in size.

From my perch, I feel its presence,
A warmth inside, a cold embrace.
Engulfing all, sparing none,
Nearer, nearer, yet off afar.

Peace, serenity is in its wake;
For Mother Nature controls its fate.

Slowly, slowly the sun evades,
A depth in darkness, a mask from light.
With thunder below, the tide is high,
It's pressing, ever pressing, ever near.

Surrounded now, cold and bare,
Its caress, a touch, the kiss of dew.
In its refuge, secure, at ease,
Life is good, contentment reigns.

The spell is over. I'm making track.
I left it there; but I'll be back.

Mrs. Rosales

by

Kenneth E. Smith

The phone was still ringing as he opened the door to his one-room apartment. As he had started to climb the stairs to the sixth floor the phone had begun to ring, but he didn't realize until he had started up to the seventh that it might be his ringing. Now, hurrying to answer it, for a ringing phone had always given him a feeling that he was keeping someone waiting, which he disliked to do, he put the bag of groceries on the sink and rushed for the phone.

Picking up the receiver and sitting down on the bed all in one motion — "Hello?"

"Yes, this is him."

"Oh, hi mom."

"Sure I'm fine. I'd let you know if I wasn't."

"But writing letters is such a job for me. It was the same way when I was in the Navy."

"Sure I've got another job."

"Well, it's not much, but I eat and I still have this place to sleep."

"No I haven't met any girl yet that I'd want to spend the rest of my life with. Don't worry about it, huh?"

"No I haven't changed my mind about finishing college either."

"Sure, mom."

"Hey, this is costing you money. I promise I'll take time and write you a nice long letter. O.K.?"

"Say hello to dad for me and take care of yourselves."

"Good-bye."

After hanging up the receiver he lay back on the bed, stretched, and rubbed his eyes for a moment. Then he just lay there looking up at the ceiling, thinking about his folks and what his mother had said.

Things had always been the same with his mother. She worried about him terribly although she tried not to let it be known to him or anyone else. Maybe it was because he was the baby of the family or because he had been the closest of the kids to her. How she had embarrassed him when she would introduce him to strangers as her "baby." And seven months ago, when he had told her that he was leaving, she had said that she thought that he was doing the right thing, but way down deep he knew he had made her sad. And as far as meeting the right girl . . . well, he had always been very shy around girls. Maybe it was this shyness or perhaps his desire to be free of responsibilities that had kept him away from marriage. The thought of working at a job and knowing that he must go home every night because someone was depending upon him, literally scared him.

Quickly getting up from the bed so that he would stop thinking, he then walked slowly over to the groceries on the sink.

Life is a bore he thought. What a waste! We're born, live, and die, and what's the sense of it all!

Opening a beer, he walked slowly over to the window. Down below on the street he could see everyone hurrying towards their work.

What a bunch of fools we all are, he mused. Everyone going someplace, and in such a big hurry. Yes, we're all going **someplace**. To the grave, and in such a big hurry!

Pulling the chair closer to the window, he sat down and lit a cigarette, throwing the match onto the floor.

What's the sense of living, he pondered? How easy it would be to just jump out his window. Then all his worries would be over. Ah, but what's God going to say about that? God doesn't care what he, or anybody else does! They put you in the ground and that's the end of it.

Yes, that was the answer to all of his problems. But how to do it? He couldn't just run and crash out the window. They might think it was an accident. Well, he could leave a note. No! That's too melodramatic! Just open the window, step out on the ledge, and it's all over.

Opening the window he looked up at the sky, and then down at the street below. Mrs. Rosales was across the street sweeping off her front steps.

Stepping out onto the ledge a gust of wind hit him and he almost lost his balance. Straightening up, he looked across the street and thought of what a shock it was going to be for poor Mrs. Rosales.

Haiku # 1, Haiku # 5
by
Sandy Shaw

Japan's most popular poetry form now and for many centuries past has been the **haiku**. Haiku are three lines in length and contain exactly seventeen syllables — the first and third lines containing five syllables, and the second line with seven. They deal with nature, animal or insect life, love and other emotions, and life in general.

Haiku #1

Dragonfly flitting,
Skimming with urgency o'er
Graceful flowing fields.

Haiku #5

Trees striking skyward
Battling fiery swords . . .
Nature's dueling grounds.

poetry



by Nancy Kempf

A Midsummer Eve's Song

by

Marianne Sari

She remembered it just as when you hear the first few notes
of a song
and begin to sing and it's another song but you
sing yours anyway, loud.
drown it out drown it out drown it out
Just that way she remembered the pear tree and she
sang it
in her mind to flood out the others
on the first day of Christmas
Long ago this tree was with pears
(leave them alone they said. Leave them alone)
There was a stick in the yard twisted and black
Got to have a pear just one only only one
Jumping (one) grasping (one) hitting (one) it fell
she fell
my true love gave to me
a pear, firm speckly like the sky at night
yellow sky red stars
She hid behind the green garage and rubbed the pear on her jeans
no spray
just habit
could she twist the stem to find out her lover's first letter?

A

No it came right off, first twist. It was
apples that you could twist.
She pressed in and found the right spot to bite
then a white hole in the yellow sky was
grainy and string-y. The pear was good but a little
bitter.
Soon the top and bottom were together only by a pear string
She bit and ate the rest
a partridge in a pear tree
the pear the pair the tree the pear the stick
one and one and one is one
She remembered and just as quickly the
song passed and drifted down
without moving a note.

Gentlemen, a Toast
by
Sandy Shaw

Here's to the atoms that were

AND THE ATOMS THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN

The little girl watching an ant wind its way across a sidewalk —
The boy grumbling over his schoolbooks —
My daughter laughingly gone to a dance —
And growing to manhood — a son.

The gladdening responsibilities of raising young —
The infectious joy of a young boy and younger puppy —
Wild enjoyment of doing nothing yet everything on an autumn day —
A school play — and warm looks of parents at their daughter.
The tender love of a newly married couple —
Overwhelming joy of being one after separation —
A heady feeling of at last finding —
Her.

Here's to the atoms that were

Prime ministers and presidents —
Bums and streetwalkers —
Ambassadors and aides —
Junkies and pickpockets —
Treaties and declarations —
Wastepaper and empty Campbell's Soup cans —
And rockets.

And the atoms that should have been
My daughters —
My sons —
My wife.

Her scattered dust blown in the air.

Bonaparte au Mont St. Bernard
by
Marianne Sari

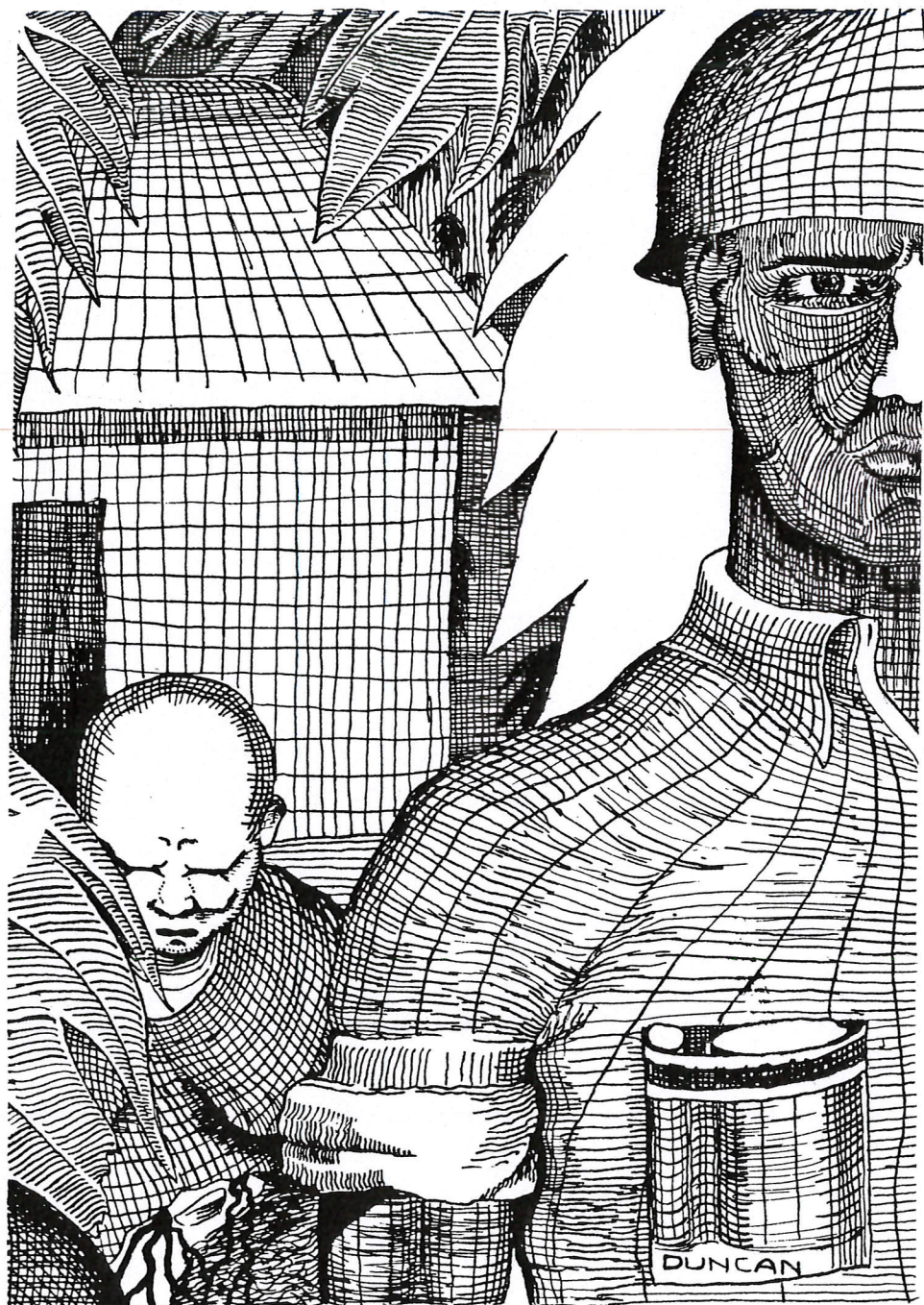
The stallion rears, the man secure in spite;
The milky mount is blown by gusty breeze;
Upon its back, securing with his knees,
The man looks back, defiant from his height.

Before the two, the Alps rise in the sun;
The man is Bonaparte, the god of France;
He glances back, allows his horse to prance
Before another battle has begun.

A second in his life has been preserved;
The frozen picture of the mount and man;
They'll fight and win, according to Fate's plan;
For Bonaparte, a special dream reserved.

The portrait caught, the artist goes his way;
Napoleon will never ride away.

critical essay



by Ronald Duncan

Modern Poetry

by

Catherine M. Guitar

The Introduction of **Modern Poetry** points out that there are three important factors which have influenced our modern time and our modern poetry. The first of these is "the mental phenomena revealed by introspection." Psychology has become more and more important to poetry and prose writers in the modern times. Complex states of mind as subject matter have been increasing. There may be many reasons for this. One of the main reasons is the works of Darwin and Sigmund Freud. They have pointed out the complexities of man, his animal nature and how to cope with it, and the need for man to find himself before he can adjust to the turmoil and chaos of the modern world. Religion has been taken away through the modern concentration on science and man has only one place left to look for guidelines for life. This place is his inner self and the method used is introspection.

"Second, the modern temper has been characterized more by anxiety and insecurity than by confidence and assurance." The reasons for this development have been the constant state of warfare throughout the world since the beginning of the twentieth century, and the insecurity arising from "widespread revolt against traditions of all kinds, a revolt which led to an uncertainty about standards in politics, morals, and other areas." War has separated families as has the widespread industrial realm of today. No longer is the family a closeknit unit, rather it has practically lost all of its ties. Sex has replaced love, working for oneself has replaced the sense of honesty and fairplay when men worked together. We are truly living in a chaotic world which furnishes no answers or solutions to help us live once again in peace of mind and environment.

"Third, the period has seen the spread of radical doubts about human freedom and human dignity." Marx and Freud have greatly influenced modern thinking. Marxism has suggested that human societies "are predetermined by economic or technological considerations." No mention was given to human efforts to help mankind, but mention was totally concerned with a machine-like answer, no personal values were important at all. Freudianism has suggested that "human individuals are predetermined by the formation or malformation of the unconscious parts of their minds during infancy or early childhood." Determinism, to these men, is the all-important factor. Man's fate has already been decided, what he does has no real influence. It is thus no wonder that man is doubting his human freedom and human dignity.

There are five main characteristics involved in modern poetry. The first of these is the awareness of a philosophic problem. "This problem might be said to be the contrast or conflict or disparity felt by any intelligent, sensitive person today between experience measurable or describable in the terms of physical science, and that immeasurable meaning — of whatever sort — which permeates experience in the form of value." Let us first have a look at the measurable experience. Science is probably one of the most important factors influencing our lives today. What it proves and says is often regarded with the awe accorded to the word of a god. Man has developed the atomic bomb

experience, its effect has
The physical picture of
felt to be found only in
through splitting the atom. This is measurable experience, its effect has greatly influenced the advancement of science. The physical picture of the world is considered the real one. Truth is felt to be found only in scientific judgments. Man is lost. He needs values to help him guide his life. What do the modern poets suggest as a solution to help us find values in our modern world? "What modern poetry seeks to do with this contrast between the measurable and the immeasurable facets of experience is to dramatize it." The poets offer no prescription or solution as such, rather they help us see the problem and solutions that haven't worked. We find our own answer from there. Wystan Hugh Auden in "The Unknown Citizen" points out that the modern world has become one of statistics and conformity:

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be
One against whom there was no official complaint,
And all the reports on his conduct agree
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned
word, he was a saint,
For in everything he did he served the Greater
Community.

When the question of values arose in the poem, it was put aside, just as it is too often in the world today. There is a definite absence of values in the poem, yet we need them and not just statistics. "Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:/ Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard." The modern world, then, arrogantly dismisses the necessity of value, it is immeasurable in the experiences of today, in the conformity of today.

A second characteristic of modern poetry is that of flux — a sense of flowing or change. Robert Frost used this theme throughout his poems, two of the most significant for this topic are "Nothing Gold Can Stay" and "The Oven Bird." In "Nothing Gold Can Stay" Frost points out that Spring and life doesn't last: "Nature's first green is gold,/ Her hardest hue to hold." Green is traditionally the symbol for youth and innocence. We lost youth and innocence in the Garden of Eden, so, too, we can't keep the green of Nature forever. Beauty at its most perfect moment, signified by the word "gold" can never last, signified by the word "stay."

So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

The thought is very sad, but in modern life we are learning to accept the cold, bare truth for what it is. We realize there is a flux, a flowing to life. In Frost's poem "The Oven Bird" the poet points out at first an emphasis on the prefix "mid" to show flux, or the flowing of time rather than a blunt beginning or end.

There is a singer everyone has heard,
Loud, a mid-summer and a mid-wood bird,
Who makes the solid tree trunks sound again.
He says that leaves are old and that for flowers
Mid-summer is to spring as one to ten.

The process of diminishing in the poem with its flux and change signifies that mortality and death must come to all living things. The fall of the petals could also signify the fall of man in Eden and man's resultant return to dust when he dies.

He says the early petal fall is past . . .
And comes that other fall we name the fall.
He says the highway dust is over all.

Frost has the oven bird ask a question that it can't answer; in the same way, man can't answer the question he asks himself as to why things we love must change. The modern world offers no answers, neither does Frost nor the oven bird.

The bird would cease and be as other birds
But that he knows in singing not to sing.
The question that he frames in all but words
Is what to make of a diminished thing.

The third characteristic of modern poetry is a decay of meaning. "An experience which most poets of recent times have probably undergone is doubt about the authenticity of values; they seem to have felt rational empiricism like acid eating away at any nonutilitarian concept of life's purposes — whether the concept stems from patriotism, morals, religion, or love." Some poets "used the very experience of loss as a theme for poetry." In T. S. Eliot's "Gerontion" he points out that we have lost our guide for life, history has taken it away from us. Life's ideals have become murky; what we thought was good, heroic and right do not comfort us when we obtain them.

Think

Neither fear nor courage saves us. Unnatural vices
Are fathered by our heroism. Virtues
Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes.
These tears are shaken from the wrath-bearing tree.

When we get to the end of this poem, the poet is in despair. All meaning has seemed to have disappeared. It is lost in dryness, a state that often seems desert-like, offering no answers of any kind. The answer, the meaning of life for which we are seeking, is lost like in a desert: "Tenants of the house,/ Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season."

The fourth characteristic of modern poetry is a need to define the relationship between man and nature. In contrast to the Romantic poets, the modern poets separate themselves from Nature, they feel they cannot put themselves in union with it, yet they all are definitely aware of a relationship between man and nature. Robert Frost loved Nature, but he felt that man's responsibility was to man. He could admire and appreciate Nature, but he must not become involved in it. We see this feeling in the poem "Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening:"

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Other modern poets, like Auden, use Nature in allegories in their poems. In "The Climbers" Auden uses the mountain in Nature as a peak of his fear: "Upon the mountains of my fear I climb;/ . . . Soon on a lower alp I fall and pant." In another of his poems "For the Time Being" Auden uses the wintry scene of Nature to describe the overtones for the entire poem: "Darkness and snow descend." This method of using Nature's

habits for description, allegory, and comparison is often used by the modern poets, rather than a romantic involvement with Nature that was the method of the poets of the past.

A fifth characteristic of modern poetry is a need to define the relationship between our time and history. Yeats devised a 2000 year cycle as a pattern of history. Each 2000 years would begin with revolution, would rise to a peak in civilization, and would then decline and end in revolution, only to have the same cycle reoccur again and again. Yeats often referred to past civilizations in his poems. Two of the most memorable here are "Sailing to Byzantium," and "Lapis Lazuli." Yeats lived at the time of the Irish Revolution. In the opening lines of "Sailing to Byzantium" he seems to tell us of the turmoil of the time: "That is no country for old men. The young / In one another's arms, birds in the trees, / — Those dying generations —." Yeats would suggest an escape to the beautiful, artistic, cultural center of the early days, Byzantium: "And therefore I have sailed the seas and come / To the holy city of Byzantium." In "Lapis Lazuli" Yeats makes continual references to past history in describing our times. In the first stanza he describes facts about World War I:

For everybody knows or else should know
That if nothing drastic is done
Aeroplane and Zeppelin will come out,
Pitch like King Billy bomb-balls in
Until the town lie beaten flat.

In the second stanza he compares modern man and woman with characters in past history:

All perform their tragic play,
There struts Hamlet, there is Lear,
That's Ophelia, that Cordelia.

Throughout the poem he makes continual references to items from past civilizations that have meaning or good comparisons with the world of today: "Camel-back, marble as if it were bronze, all things fall and are built again, half-way house of Chinamen." One of the most significant sentences of the poems is his seeming comparison to the world of today as tragic just as the figures on the carved "Lapis Lazuli" indicate of their own civilization:

...

Sweetens the little half-way house
Those Chinamen climb towards, and I
Delight to imagine them seated there;
There, on the mountain and the sky,
On all the tragic scene they stare.

Another of the modern poets who ties modern times with past history is Auden in his poem "For the Time Being." Even with just looking at the first stanza we can see that he uses a flowing together of history, of now and then. The poem is mainly about the original Christmas story, but Auden intersperses phrases from modern "lingo" to tie the two periods of history, even of all periods of history since that time, together. We are all in the same situation, ever since the beginning of time. Human nature has never really changed. The people of today ignore the significant

ance of life around them, the miracles and outstanding things that are happening, just as Caesar ignored the beautiful birth of the Christ child. Even Auden's use of the clock on the mantelpiece could be pointed out as tying history and all past and future time together. The clock has nothing to recommend, neither did any element in the time of Caesar, neither does any element in our modern world.

Darkness and snow descend;
The clock on the mantelpiece
Has nothing to recommend,
Nor does the face in the glass
Appear nobler than our own
As darkness and snow descend
On all personality.
Huge crowds mumble — 'Alas,
Our angers do not increase,
Love is not what she used to be';
Portly Caesar yawns — 'I know';
He falls asleep on his throne,
They shuffle off through the snow:
Darkness and snow descend.

This paper has pointed out a limited number of examples to support the characteristics of modern poetry. We must realize that the majority of modern poets use several or all of these in their poems. Only through this Modern Poetry course was I able to get a foothold on the real meaning and significance of modern poetry. I enjoyed what I learned. I am especially aware that modern poetry has many elements, but the five most important are: an awareness of a philosophic problem in terms of measurable experience and immeasurable value in experience, flux, or the sense of flowing or change, decay of meaning, a need to define the relationship between man and nature, and a need to define the relationship between our time and history.

My Mind's Road

by

Kathleen O'Connell

My mind's road is very steep
And getting steeper still
Its harassed journey allows no sleep
No rest for soul or will

Each day my mind must quicken its pace
Each hour fresh speed is sought
Until so wrapped up in its race
It cannot think a thought.

Poetry of China: The T'ang Dynasty Period

by

Gary R. Stephenson

Two qualities of Chinese poetry stand out far above all the others: concentration and suggestion. The poetry of China was often very short — generally four, eight, twelve, or sixteen lines. Very seldom, indeed if ever, did the Chinese poet describe in any definitive manner. He merely suggested. He tried to create in the reader's mind the perfect image, an image which draws on each reader's experience for its reference and, at the same time, is true to the poet's intent.

Chinese poetry from the very beginning has had a twofold nature: it has been a poetry that inculcates laws and maxims — the didactic epigram seems to have had its roots well planted even in ancient times; and it has been a poetry of escape — statesmen and officials used it to avoid the troublesome burden of ruling and the weariness of public life.

In Chinese poetry there are two kinds of tone: the **Ping** or even tone and the **Tsze** or oblique tone. There are two variations of the even tone which differ only in pitch. There are three variations of the oblique tone which are sometimes termed Rising, Sinking, and Entering. Poems that paid little attention to tones were called **Ku-shih** (Old Poems.)

At about the beginning of the T'ang Dynasty the form called **Lu-shih** (Regulated Poems) was established. Its proper form is of eight lines, although it was often extended to sixteen. Its meter is of five-word lines or of seven-word lines. The term stop-short is applied to the form of an eight-line poem which is cut in two. Thus, we get a four line poem with the first line used to introduce, the second line used to develop, the third line used to embellish, and the fourth line used to unravel (**Denouement**.) The idea is to suggest rather than state. The effect should be the same as the eight-line poem except the end is left in the air. This form is the forerunner of the Japanese **hokku**; but in China it was called **hai-ku**. Today the two terms are used almost interchangeably.

Poems of a greater length than sixteen lines are called **p'ai lu**.

The form of poem called **fu** is of a very irregular nature and is at times almost indistinguishable from prose.

The most common line length of Chinese poetry was of five or seven syllables; the first, second, and fourth lines often rhymed in the stop-shorts. In the longer poems only the even lines rhymed. There is, also, a certain amount of internal rhyme, particularly in the irregular **fu** type. A caesura usually appears after the second syllable in five-syllable verse or after the fourth syllable in seven-syllable verse.

The greatest period in Chinese poetry was during the T'ang Dynasty. The three most famous poets of China lived at that time: Li T'ai-po (A.D. 701 or 702-762), Tu Fu (A.D. 712-770), and Po Chu-i (A.D. 772-846); traditionally, Chinese scholars have ranked Tu Fu as the greatest of the three; but English scholars have generally ranked Li T'ai-po as the master.

Li T'ai-po was from Ssueh'uan Province and Ming Huang was his patron. He was a many-sided wanderer; a bold, careless, impulsive, worldly artist who had moments of extreme exaltation and great depression. He spent time in prison and died in exile. The following is an example of his work.

The Young Girls of Yueh

I

Young girls are gathering lotus-seeds on the pond of Ya.
Seeing a man on the bank, they turn and row away singing.
Laughing, they hide among the lotus-flowers,
And, in a pretence of bashfulness, will not come out.

II

Many of the young girls of Wu are white, dazzlingly white.
They like to amuse themselves by floating in little boats on the water.

Peeping out of the corners of their eyes, they spurn the
Springtime heart.

Gathering flowers, they ridicule the passer-by.¹

Tu Fu was from Hu-Kuang Province; he was a friend of Li T'ai-po, and Ming Huang was his patron. Like Li T'ai-po, Tu Fu was a homeless wanderer who spent much of his life in exile; but unlike Li T'ai-po, Tu Fu concealed his name and refused to obtain food through his renown. He was a twofold artist; a skilled painter as well as a poetic craftsman. He has been called the God of Verse; and his work is characterized by an underlying sadness. He died shortly after being rescued by a local mandarin from the waters of a shrine ruin. The following is an example of his work.

The setting sun shines low upon my door
Ere dusk enwraps the river fringed with spring;
Sweet perfumes rise from gardens by the shore,
And smoke, where crews their boats to anchor bring.
Now twittering birds are roosting in the bower,
And flying insects fill the air around . . .
O wine, who gave to thee thy subtle power?
A thousand cares in one small goblet drowned!²

Po Chu-i, in contrast to Li T'ai-po and Tu Fu, spent most of his life at court. (He once served as President of the Board of War.) He well might have turned from political office as Li T'ai-po and Tu Fu did, but Po Chu-i did not. As a result we get from him a much broader outlook than from the others. He had a distinctive feeling for romance and was a poet of human love and sorrow. The following is an example of his work.

The Grass

How beautiful and fresh the grass returns!
When golden days decline, the meadow burns;
Yet autumn suns no hidden root have slain;
The spring winds blow, and there is grass again.
Green rioting on olden ways it falls:
The blue storms the ruined city walls;
Yet since Wang sun departed long ago,
When the grass blooms both joy and fear I know.³

These, then, are only three of a long list of noted Chinese poets; but then, are on

examples of the works of these three artists present a fairly accurate picture of the concentration and suggestion which typify the T'ang Dynasty artist and Chinese poetry in general.

¹ Li T'ai-po, in Florence Ayscough, tr., *Five Flower Tablets* (New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1921), p. 13.

² Tu Fu, in Herbert Allen Giles, *A History of Chinese Literature* (New York: Appleton, 1901), p. 156.

³ Po Chu-i, in L. Cranmer-Byng, tr., *A Lute of Jade* (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1919), p. 94.

The Mirror:
Its Symbolism and Significance
in *The Sound and the Fury*
by William Faulkner

by

Marianne Sari

"MIRROR (mir-er) n. a polished or smooth substance that forms images by reflection."¹ This unadorned definition of a mirror would be considered adequate, according to Webster and in the practical sense. In literature, however, a mirror may assume a symbolic moral significance. Characters may also function as moral mirrors, casting back augmented images which aid in the analysis of other characters.

The idea of mirrors and characters acting as mirrors is employed in William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*. In this novel, mirrors, both physical and symbolic, project imagery and moral judgments. One character in particular, Benjy Compson, is utilized as a neutral observer lacking moral judgments — a mirror in effect.

The Sound and the Fury is primarily concerned with the decay, both physical and moral, of the Deep South. Faulkner uses the Compson family to represent the declining aristocracy. The family consists of Jason and Caroline Compson and their children, Quentin, Caddy, Jason and Benjy. The Compsons rely upon Dilsey, the Negro cook, who answers to all their demands and Luster, who is the Negro boy-guardian of Benjy, the idiot.

Benjy is unique in literature because he enables Faulkner to present his characters through Benjy's eyes without moral shading or prejudices. Benjy becomes a moral mirror only when a character's actions, as seen through Benjy, are interpreted in terms of right and wrong.

Benjy is fundamentally occupied with the primal elements, i.e. air, water, fire and earth. He represents the primitive empiricist and, for this reason, he is fascinated by the duplication of his sensuous world in mirrors. He is easily pacified by being placed before a mirror, where he can observe the reflections of his familiar totem objects. This physical aspect of the mirror serves to indicate Benjy's instinctive response to

material life-forces. Mirrors also present to us scenes of simple action, filling in bits of the Compsons' physical world. The narrative is largely Benjy's neutral recollections of seemingly disconnected images and conversations. Conflicts between Caddy and her younger brother, Jason, are previewed in a mirror, observed by Benjy:

Caddy and Jason were fighting in the mirror.

"You, Caddy." Father said.

They fought. Jason began to cry.

"Caddy." Father said. Jason was crying. He wasn't fighting any more, but we could see Caddy fighting in the mirror and Father put me down and went into the mirror and fought too.²

From this limited scene, we are aware of a conflict between Jason and Caddy, which is later to develop into mutual hatred. In this manner, through mirrors, Faulkner relates action and character. While the material mirror supplies physical imagery, Benjy, as a symbolic mirror, demonstrates the moral significance.

In addition to this, once having established Benjy's neutral nature, Faulkner is free to present him as having infinite awareness. Thus, the personalities passing before Benjy are inevitably, although latently, evaluated — not by Benjy, but by the reader. However, in the case of Caddy, this observation and judgment is reflected inward and assumes a moral significance. When Caddy experiments with adolescent sex in Benjy's presence, he perceives wrongdoing in the sense of an injustice to himself. His primary reaction is to bellow, which Caddy interprets as moral indignation pertaining to her alleged immorality. She is overcome by guilt and seeks to obliterate her "sin" by washing it away, bringing Lady MacBeth to mind.

The following quote reveals Caddy's interpretation of Benjy's inarticulate protest:

Caddy and I ran. We ran up the kitchen steps, onto the porch, and Caddy knelt down in the dark and held me. I could hear her and feel her chest. "I won't," she said. "I won't anymore, ever Benjy. Benjy." Then she was crying and I cried, and we held each other. "Hush," she said. "Hush. I won't anymore." So I hushed and Caddy got up and we went into the kitchen and turned the light on and Caddy took the kitchen soap and washed her mouth at the sink, hard. Caddy smelled like trees.

— p. 67

The reference to trees is an example of Benjy's relating his sister and her accompanying love with a fundamental earth-like element. In Benjy's mind, Caddy is associated with basic nature, but unlike fire or water, the tree is alive and belongs to the soil. Caddy is rooted in Benjy's "elements", explaining her moral self-judgment when Benjy expresses disapproval.

Although Benjy is the principal "mirror," his brother Quentin is also employed in this way in a brief scene after Caddy's wedding. This is Benjy's final opportunity to be her moral mirror, because Caddy will never return to him.

disgraced because Unlike the rest of the Compsons, who are disgraced because Caddy is pregnant before her wedding, Benjy cries because the only person whom he loves and who understands him is leaving. Quentin witnesses this scene in a mirror. The "it" frequently referred to is Benjy's bellowing.

Only she was running already when I heard it. In the mirror she was running before I knew what it was. That quick, her train caught up over her arm she ran out of the mirror like a cloud, her veil swirling in long glints her heels brittle and fast clutching her dress onto her shoulder with the other hand, running out of the mirror the smells roses roses the voice that breathed o'er Eden . . .

— p. 100

As it is later constructed, Quentin's interpretation introduces a hitherto undeveloped property of mirrors — the effect of reversal. A plane mirror reflects an exact image, but one which is reversed left to right. The product of mirrors which is irresistible to Benjy is the duplication of pleasurable images. Quentin reverses Benjy's positivism into a negative symbolism. While to Benjy, Caddy's love has brought reassurance, to Quentin its results have brought disgrace and his subsequent suicide.

Faulkner's physical and metaphysical application of mirrors in *The Sound and the Fury* is seen to be a subject which requires the reader to search for answers within himself. Faulkner is very definite about the recurrence of particular images connected with mirrors. If he takes special care to repeat it time and time again, it is certain that he means these images to be noticed and interpreted. The mirrors reflect the "primitive world of reality,"³ which is one of the backdrops of the novel. They allow the reader to discover a character's attitudes and beliefs through totally objective lens. I believe that this is far more stimulating than being told every important aspect of a character. Faulkner thought of artists as mirrors, and as Shelley once said, they may serve as "the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present."

¹ Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary, 7th ed., Philip B. Gove, ed. (Springfield: G. & C. Merriam Co., 1961), p. 540.

² William Faulkner, *The Sound and the Fury* (New York: Random House, 1956), p. 83. All page numbers refer to this edition.

³ Lawrance Thompson, *William Faulkner: An Introduction and Interpretation*, (New York: Barnes and Noble, Inc., 1964), p. 33.

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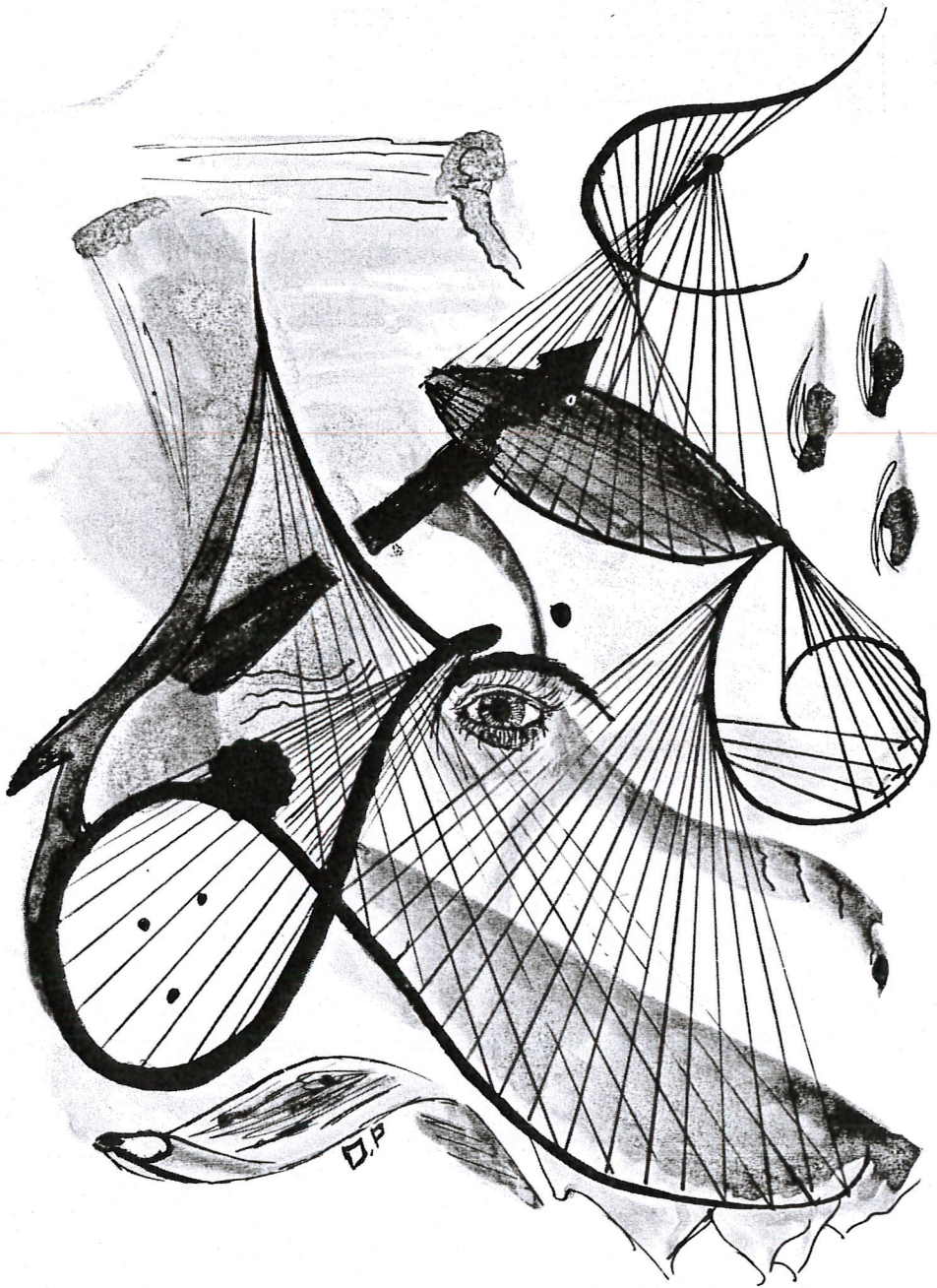
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personal essay



by Dennis Pagen

An Autobiography

by

Wayne Dennis Carlisle

In the cold gray dawn of an earlier day, I was born. My birth had been foretold by many people, not just my father. I came into the world not as a surprise, but rather as a forecast as to what was to come. My birthplace was Hartford, Connecticut about the year 1840.

I was not the first of my father's children, there were many others most of whom died shortly after their birth. I survived because I had a destiny to fulfill. By nature I was cold and hard, but in time of trial I became hot and smoky. My early days were hard because people in the East would not accept me. The main reason that they gave, was that I was cumbersome and awkward. Therefore, it took years to be endeared on the Atlantic Coast.

As I have said, I had a destiny to fulfill, so one cold morning in April I awoke on a train bound for Saint Louis, Missouri and a new life. It was Saint Louis where my fame was to begin. Here was my jumping-off point for the wild, wild, west and the start of my destiny.

The people with whom I traveled were of different caliber, some were kind and understanding, others careless and unconcerning. With the good people I was always clean, warm and well cared for. But, with the careless folks I was treated badly, most of the time I was forced to lie in the damp weather and dust, going for weeks without a bath or a friendly caress. They never cared for me one way or another. But, in time of trouble such as an Indian attack or on a hunt for meat they would always call on me. In most cases I responded favorably, when I did not I was cursed, beaten and abused. This was all foretold in my destiny, of which it was said "You shall be loved by some and hated by most."

My destiny took me not only on a wagon train ride west, it also took me north to the Canadian border, south to Texas and even into Mexico. In my travels I met many people, some good, some evil, but in my position being able to separate the two made no difference. My only interest was in the way I was treated by those with whom I rode. In my business it did not pay to take the side of right or wrong because, it was all the same to me. The good people (if they can be classed) would include most of the prominent marshalls and sheriffs of the Old West, the farmers, ranchers and trail hands — these people were all friends to me. Even the outlaws, murderers, gamblers and lesser names on wanted posters came into my circle.

I met, lived with and watched die some of the most famous and infamous characters of the Old West. I was by the side of one Jessie Woodsen James when he was killed by a friend of mine. I sat in a poker game with William Butler Hickock and watched helplessly, as one of my friends removed the top of his head. I rode with General George Armstrong Custer to the "Battle of the Little-Big Horn," and watched two hundred and eighty gallant men die for a fool's cause. I survived this fight, for I was also a friend of the Indian and could be of great use later on.

As I have said, my destiny was to help shape this country and I did.

forever, my for better or for worse. My time span will be forever, unless the real
face-lifting similar "Buck Rogers" comes along. I may need a face-lifting similar to that
which I had in the early nineteen thirty's. but I'll be around for good and
bad alike to remember. My father, Samuel Colt created me to last for life
eternal (one hundred and twenty-five years to date) and I have. I am
the "Colt" pistol.

I not only shaped the "Old West", but as many parts of the world
as I have touched. I have been at the forefront of every Revolution, War
and Police Action since my birth and unless World Destruction or World
Peace are achieved I shall remain there, for my destiny has yet to be
completed.

The Pride of the King's Marines

by

Keith Martin

He lay there in the grass — the sweet smelling, insufferable, damn-
able grass. When he breathed, the stalks tickled his nose and his chin . . .
He'd been zapped — Hell, he hadn't been zapped, he'd been shot — he'd
been shot and he was bleeding. He, James Finche Klein, serial number
27107630, he Jimmy Klein, the immortal Jimmy Klein, the nineteen-year-
old pride of the marines. He was lying there — he couldn't move.

He tried to lick the dew from the grass — he had a canteen but it
was on his hip; he couldn't reach it. He tried to yell — to cry — he couldn't.
It was hot out and he was thirsty. God, he was thirsty. The sun was
shining in his eyes.

It was hot and he was twelve. Butch had just hit him in the mouth
and he was lying in the dust, not able to move, gasping for breath —
funniest thing.

Lord, it's cold!

He, Jimmy Klein, was immortal, he'd live forever, he was superman.
He'd been shot in the gut and the damn thing didn't even hurt.

Lord, Lord.

Ode to a Sailboat

by

Katharine Hamilton

Alone she skims the near-green sea
Full of brine —
Should have been wine.
Becalmed never she shall be,
'Though winds fail,
And the air be stale.
A windjammer, her contempt
Of oceans swelled,
Remains unquelled.
Sails of gray, a little mottled;
Cost 10¢, a little bottled.

Two Sisters: As Usual

by

Karen Osgood

It was a typical weekday morning in the middle of winter. I climbed out of bed just in time to drive Gayle to the bus stop.

I threw my grey wool chesterfield over my floor length nightgown of elaborate pink flannel, jumped into my white boots, and with hair tousled after my not-so-long winter's nap, drove Gayle to the corner. Covered with about half a foot of snow, the big yellow bus was waiting impatiently before it drove off into the distant sunrise.

By the time I woke up, I was back home trying to find something a little more appropriate to wear to school. I looked through my closet and, finding my usual nothing-to-wear-today, I boldly summoned up all my courage and ventured to Gayle's wardrobe.

By the way, Gayle is my pretty younger sister — five-feet-four, long blondish hair, huge chocolate brown eyes — the type of sister every college girl doesn't want. But Gayle and I are the best of friends. We laugh and talk and fight like all sisters should.

Our fights are never really serious, mostly all in fun. But sometimes we do quarrel over — you might have guessed it — clothes! She sneaks my sweaters, I borrow her stockings. We've had some dandy battles over our sweaters and stuff. We both have bad tempers and shouting is quite common, but since I'm older I have learned to control mine. better. usually.

In Gayle's closet I found her good green sweater, the perfect match for my new skirt. Searching her dresser drawers, I found her green stockings. Soon I was all decked out like a Robin Hood in forest green, ready to go to school.

And I must admit that I did look very sharp in Gayle's things. All day long I was complimented on my outfit — "What a sharp sweater!" "Why, thanks . . ." (it's my sister's and what is she going to say when she finds out?) . . . "Hey, those are neat socks!" "Thank you . . . (what's Gayle going to say?)

As the day wore on, the worry mounted: my conscience was attacking. I really shouldn't have taken her sweater and socks without asking. I had violated an unwritten agreement: Gayle's clothes are **Gayle's**, mine are mine. I had broken an almost sacred pact . . . I was in for it now. Gayle would yell and Mom would agree — I was a rat.

When my classes were over for the day, I went to pick Gayle up at school. The weather was rather miserable and if I picked her up, she wouldn't have to walk home. By doing this, I could try to make amends for my crime. Gayle didn't expect me, so I had to go inside to get her.

The guilt had become practically unbearable. The sweater was itchy, the stockings were terribly warm. I bravely fought my way through the crowded corridor to Gayle's locker.

The locker was surrounded as usual by a group of Gayle's friends. (This time it was the varsity basketball team.) As I ventured nearer I could see Gayle keeping the guys enchanted, tossing her hair and laughing sweetly, wearing my best burgundy sweater . . . WHY THAT LITTLE . . .

Last fall, beautiful crisp day it was, me an' Ol' Markie — faithful Ol' Markie, purebred beagle he is — we went huntin' rabbits. Well, we didn't see no rabbits, not even one, an' I was gittin' kinda tired; I'm gittin' old — be 72 next August — I'm figgerin' my time'll be 'bout up soon. Well, anyways, we was huntin' up in them hills over there, over by that new highway. Well, it was by that there curve, you know, that real mean one. I always said that there was a stupid place to put a highway, but they went an' did it anyways.

Well, when we was gittin' ready to come walkin' back to home, I heard this gosh-awful noise. It sounded like a avalanche, it did. We had a avalanche once, a bad one, long time ago, an' it made a noise jest like that. So, Markie an' me, we went arunnin'.

An' when we saw it, we was shocked! No, it wasn't no avalanche. It was one of them there little foreign cars, a little beauty it was, little an' white. But now it wasn't no beauty no more. That there thing was smashed — smashed like a matchbox that Paul Bunyan had stomped on. An' it wasn't white no more neither. It was kinda all red an' sticky lookin'. Ol' Markie musta smelled that blood 'cause his hair went an' bristled up on his back an' he went an' started growlin' way low in his throat. An' I — I jest stood there like one a them stone statues an' gawkin' like a kid an' grippin' my shotgun like my dear life was dependin' on it.

I tried to git all my senses together and finally I went over to that there wreck. Markie was howlin' like Death now an' was scared; but I went over there anyways. An' there was woman, throwed clear outa that car. An' she was dead — I could tell jest by lookin'. A piece over here an' a arm over there. An' Markie was still howlin'.

An' this here guy — he sure wasn't dead 'cause he was hollerin' to the high Heaven fer God to have mercy. He was caught in that tangled hunk a iron an' he darn near had hisself cut in half. Agin I jest stood there starin' like a child. An' there was all kinds a thoughts runnin' 'round an' 'round, chasin' each other in my head. An' I went back to Markie to tell him what I seen.

Then there was this explosion-like an' that there little heap was a mass a flames an' fire. An' that guy was wavin' his only arm an' I could smell the sick-sweet smell of flesh burnin' up. He was screamin' an' all I could do was stare an' pat Ol' Markie on the head an' grip my shotgun fer all I was worth.

An' that guy jest kept right on hollerin' an' he shrieks at me: he says, "Shoot me, shoot me, Oh God make him shoot me!"

An' then I moved. I walked near to the fire as I could an' I raised my shotgun. An' that guy was prayin' to God Almighty an' so was I. My hands was cold, yet they was sweatin' an' sweat was pourin' down my face an' smoke was in my lungs an' tears was in my old eyes, an' my mind was runnin' 'round an' 'round lookin' fer some place to hide.

An' I couldn't pull that trigger 'cause my heart was poundin' an' all I could see was red. An' then I heared this piteous cry an' I knew it was all over fer that poor feller an' I was glad. An' Markie stopped howlin'. We could smell the smell of cookin' an' hear the noise like fryin' an' we walked ta that big house down the road — the one with the telephone.

Cousin Tom

by

Robert Hustman

"Boy, this town o' yours don't even compare to New York."

"It doesn't; and, why not?"

"It just ain't with it, man. It just ain't with it."

My cousin Tom was visiting me from New York City; and, all I had heard from him for the last week, was how great his town was.

"Now you take me for instance, I know how to take care o' myself. None o' these country bumpkins around here could pull a fast one on me."

"Well, that's nice to know, Tom; I hope you're right."

After we had crossed Michigan Avenue, and came unto State Street, Tom spotted a place called "The Club Paree."

"Now there's a place that looks like it just might have somethin' to offer."

"That's nothing but a dive, Tom, a cheap burlesque."

"What's a matter cus, aren't ya game?"

"Not especially, but, if it'll make you happy, let's go."

Once inside, we were both seated; and, after we had ordered a couple drinks, we proceeded to watch the show.

Suddenly, from out of the shadows, appeared a rather striking young woman, who immediately walked up to Tom.

"Hello, handsome."

"Hello, doll", said Tom rather blushing.

Tom's acknowledgement to her greeting, seemed to be all she needed for a proper introduction; for, she was soon sitting on his lap.

Tom looked at me out of the corner of his eye; and, when he noticed me staring at him with a rather surprised look on my face, he winked, and proceeded to enjoy the attentions of his lady friend.

Although I hadn't had much experience in such places, as the one we were in, I couldn't help but feel that something was afoot; and, although I considered cluing Tom in, I hesitated, believing he was quite capable of taking care of himself.

Sure enough, it wasn't long before the waiter came to our table.

"Is this young lady with you?" he asked.

"Of course she is," said Tom. "Isn't it rather obvious?"

"No Tom!, Are you nuts! What are you saying?"

"What's a matter, cus, ya jealous cause you ain't got a gal?"

"No, but . . . "

"No, but nothin. Let's face it man, you just ain't got what it takes."

"Okay Tom. Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you."

Tom merely ignored me, and continued with his endeavors. Before long, the waiter returned to our table, carrying a small bottle of champagne.

"That'll be twelve dollars, bub."

"What'll be twelve dollars?"

"Why the drink for your lady friend, whadda ya think?"

"Twelve dollars for that!"

"That's right, buster," said the young lady. "Now cough up."

Tom acquired the most perplexed expression, I have ever seen. Perhaps it was the lighting, or else the angle from which I was watching him; but I could have sworn his face turned a bright red, changing thusly to dull green.

"Pay the man, Tom."

"Pay him! Pay him for what? That six ounce bottle of ginger ale?!"

"Don't argue, Tom; just pay the man."

I was becoming quite worried about two bouncers, who were approaching the table; and, I was afraid Tom was about to have his head knocked around. Tom, however, didn't even see them coming, but, continued to be most belligerent to both the waiter and his young lady friend.

"This ain't nothin but a clip joint," Tom shouted. "I wouldn't give you a plug nickle."

From the rear, the two bouncers closed in on Tom. They were both huge men, and seemed to have no difficulty in lifting Tom from his seat. Screaming incessantly, and shouting curses for all to hear, he was suddenly rushed to the door, thrown to the street, and ended up rolling into the gutter.

"Are you gonna cause some trouble, too, bub?" asked the waiter.

"No," I said smilingly; "but, thank you, anyway, for a most enjoyable evening," and I left.

Winter Nightfall

by

Gary R. Stephenson

When icicles dangle from pine trees
To comfort and soothe all my cares,
When the creaking sound of my footsteps
Disturb the cool night air;
When foreboding darkness sneaks upon me
And the land and the night become one,
When the thoughts that harassed my daytime
Fall as the twilight comes;
I stop and lazily listen,
In dusk's shadowy silence,
To the sound of softly falling snowflakes
But hear the sleepy stillness of the stars . . .

The Rumble

by

Gary R. Stephenson

The fight had just begun. A tall, dark-skinned man was bending over and kicking a red-haired boy in the ribs. The boy on the bottom must have weighed nearly two hundred pounds; he was trying to cover his face, but the force behind the Negro's heavy boots penetrated any attempt at defense. The white boy's head was crimson; blood spurted out from his nostrils and oozed onto the sidewalk.

Two men, wearing suits, were walking on the other side of the street. When they saw the fight, they stopped and ran out through the maze of traffic and up to the Negro. They pulled him off the fat boy's limp body. Behind them a door swung open and a tangle of arms and legs rolled out, across the sidewalk, and into the street. As the boys rolled over and over, each trying desperately to free himself, automobile horns sounded a futile protest. Then, five Negroes stormed out from the same door and jumped the two men in suits.

A rusty, old Ford came screeching around the corner of a side street, running over the curb and almost knocking down a little girl, who was hurrying away from the confusion. A gang of white boys, with clenched fists, hopped out of the Ford, and the fight was underway.

Marco and I just stood there in awe. Marco was in my platoon down at Fort Benning, Georgia. We had just arrived in the city on three day passes. Marco finally asked, "What do you think, Sarge? Should we try to break it up or go for the police?"

"Not on your life," I said. "Not after what just happened to those two men who did try!"

Marco wasted no time. He ran down the block to an all-night diner but stayed only a moment and then returned. "There's a policeman already in that diner," he said, all out of breath. "He was phoning for help. Emergency units should be here any time now."

Just then, three white boys, wearing leather jackets and worn-out sneakers, struck down an elderly Negro. They were kicking him in the head. A big man wearing a white apron came out from a shop behind them and was immediately clobbered over the head with a bottle by a youth, who then proceeded to pull one of the three white boys off the elderly Negro.

"Come on, Buck, 'fore dah fuzz gits here. We kin still git'a couple'a good swings in — 'fore dey gits here," I heard a deep voice call from behind me. I looked up just in time to see the figure of a young Negro almost trip over my awol bag as he ran by. Close at his heels followed a big man with a little goatee.

A crowd gathered on the other side of the street. We watched the crowd grow bigger and the fighting reach its peak.

I had seen violence before: in '53 I had been stationed in Korea where atrocities were common, but never before had I seen such utter

brutality for such little reason. It seemed as though young people came running from every dark corner of the city — just to exchange a few blows! Some just came to watch but would ultimately join in the merciless outrage. I could not, for the life of me, understand why. I asked Marco, "Why, in heaven's name, do they do it? They can't possibly hate each other that much — just because of the color of their skin." Marco said nothing. We both just stood there, watching, as three squad cars — red lights flashing and sirens screaming — pulled up in front of us. Club wielding policemen got out; they stepped right into the thick of it and had the whole thing under control in a matter of minutes.

The crowd on the other side of the street had begun to thin out, and the police were gathering up a few stray youths and putting them into the emergency wagons which had just arrived.

Then Marco spoke, "You know, Sarge, I've been thinking, if you really want to know what makes them fight, why don't we go down to the station and talk to some of them?"

"Sounds all right," I said, "But how are we going to get in?"

"Well, we could say that we're from the **Army Times**, and maybe they would treat us like regular reporters," Marco answered.

"It might just work," I said. "Anyway, it's worth a try."

It was a long walk down to the station, and on the way we talked about the fight. Marco brought up the subject of the race riots in San Francisco.

"When you read about it in the newspapers, they always seem such a long way off," he said. "Even now, after I've actually seen one, they still seem far away."

"I agree. It's hard to believe that it really happened," I said.

By the time we reached the station, my awol bag was getting heavy. Marco looked a little tired too. We rested a few minutes before entering.

Inside, there was practically no order — just confusion, although the officers did have most of the prisoners separated: the Negroes on one side of the room, and the Whites on the other. A few irate parents were arguing with a sergeant at the main desk. I walked up and told the sergeant that we were from the **Army Times** and would like to interview some of the participants of the riot. He took time out from his arguing — long enough to point out a narrow corridor — saying, "Down there, Bub, with the rest of the press. Waiting room's the third door on the right."

"Okay. Thank you," I said thinking — so far, so good. Turning, I motioned for Marco to follow. Above the room noise, which was almost deafening, I could hear the laughing voice of a Negro.

"Man! I sure got dat boy," he was saying. I stopped to listen and then edged my way a little closer.

"Hell yeah, you sure did," a white boy said, licking his battered knuckles.

The colored boy continued, "When he tries t'pull me off'a my man, I grabs holt'a he's tie an like t'break he's lil ol neck."

"Yeah, you sure did," the white boy said.

I could not understand it. We had just witnessed a race riot; yet, down here at the police station the same boys, who an hour before were trying to kill each other, were now acting as if it were all just a Sunday matinee. I turned to Marco and said, "Come on with me".

We walked about halfway down the corridor and then stopped. "Look, Marco," I said. "We've got to get out of these uniforms if we want to get close enough to really hear anything. Now start looking for some place to change." We walked to the end of the corridor and turned down a short passageway which led outside. Then, Marco spotted a small broom closet. Although it was small, we were both able to get into it. We changed and returned to the front desk.

By that time most of the boys had been escorted to cells, but there were still a few talking over in the far corner. We went over and began to listen. A little Negro, who was wearing a beret, was talking when we arrived.

". . . deh bastids, dey could'a waited jes'a couple'a more minits — till after I'd paid back dat dirty mothahless coward."

"Hell man, I'm a'glad dey come when dey did," a tall skinny colored boy said. On his head he wore a three inch bandage that was trying to cover a four inch cut.

"I don't give-a-damn," a white boy said, cracking his knuckles and adding, "No matter when they come."

"Man, I tell yuh, nex time somebody calls me an want's ta know if I got anything t'do, I'm gonna tell 'em t'go t'hell," said the skinny one.

"Aw, dat's what yuh says last time — too. Hell, yuh, ain'a gonna ever learn," said an older man, who I figured must have been his father.

"Aw, it's still lots'a fun — even if I did git all damned banged up," the skinny boy said.

His father just looked at him and then after a short silence said, "Yuh call dat fun?"

"Yeah! It's better dan sittin 'round t'house a'watchin T.V.," he answered.

Just then, two policemen came over. "All right, let's break it up. Come on with us." They gathered up the remaining boys, including the skinny one's father and were walking them down the corridor when the desk sergeant called out:

"Quit your lagging and get a move on, we ain't got all night." I turned around to see who he meant, but I could not see anyone. "Yeah, you! Yuh bum, and your buddy too."

"Me!" I cried. "No — not us! We weren't in on it. We just came here to talk to them."

"Yeah, so did my grandmother. Now get a move on before I come out there and move you — myself," the sergeant said. I was about to take

the he would him up on it, when it dawned on me that maybe he would remember
a over to the us from when we came in. I got up and walked over to the desk.

way " I began to explain, "You see, it was this way . . ."

"Look buddy," he interrupted, "I don't want to argue with you.
Now why don't you just go — like a nice chap."

"But we didn't do anything! As I was just trying to tell you, we're
from the Army Times. Don't you remember . . ." But it was to no avail. I
never did get a chance to explain, for three big men, dressed in plain
clothes, stepped right up and carted us off.

Well anyway, we spent the rest of that weekend in jail; and, as if
that were not enough, on Monday it cost each of us fifty dollars just to
get out. It was certainly not worth it! Two days in jail and a fifty dollar
fine just to find out that not everyone in a fight hates his opponent. I
guess some people just like a good fight now and then.

Until the Day

by

Ron Munro

Once King Aeolus released his mighty winds for the cruel Juno so
they could ravage and plunder the land and upheave the sea. Man, too,
has diligent idolatry.

There are the bombs. Those enlightened bombs that in a single
attack can destroy man's hobby and wipe out his worry. Those uninhib-
ited bombs that continuously burst throughout the night unprosecuted
and light the sky with fires on loan from hell.

There are machines. Those ever improving machines made from
sanguineous steel that have never contemplated the existence of a divine
being, nor even bothered to wrestle with a conscience. But theirs is not to
reason. They have been taught only the conjugation of "to do."

There is science. Science, sculpturing a utopia in fragmentary per-
fection. Hypothesis, experimentation, conclusion — Hypothesis, conclu-
sion — Conclusion. Degree, negative; law, defect; mass, kilo-; optical,
density; consequence, micro-.

There are people. There is Cinderella, Snow White, Jimminy Cricket,
Peter Pan. There are Benedict Arnolds, G. Washingtons, Pompeis, Caesars.
There is: the grasshopper, the hare, the swine, the stepsisters, the witch.
It is dark, and we are lost; but on the morrow the sun will rise.

There are the battlefields. Lands that no one belongs to, which bear
vaulting solutions from meager conferences. Valhalla in conflict with
Mahatma, and neither has the victory; both are to be followed by Aeolus.
Rally—strike, trouble—snipe, artillery—advance, confounded—disperse.

There are bombs. There are people. There are: machines, people;
science, people; battlefields, people. There are people.

There are no utopias.

Parody on Pope's
"Of the Characters of Women"

by
Marianne Sari

Tobacco spurts from brown and yellow teeth,
As reeking derelicts their lips unsheath;

Disgusting bums, repulsive, stop to leer
With glinting eyes, as girls are walking near;

They slump in parks and watch the world pass by,
Inspecting slyly all, with jaundiced eye;

As lurching oxen, so they stalk along,
Their panting breath through broken teeth comes strong;

No woman looks at them but with disdain,
Their dribbling chins are dark with chewing stain;

Degraded creatures, heaving out their life,
Are hardly mourned when Death becomes their wife.

Play

by
Denise Douville

Clever child,
You have no fears of coming years
Or cares of anyone.
As you sit upon the rock,
So gentle and so tender,
None is more pure and joyful
Than you.
Watching everything in sight,
You jump and grasp for a butterfly
But he is too quick for you.
Nature child, play to your heart's content,
For future years will never be as well spent.
You have yet to find and to venture
Into a world unknown;
But do not even think or dream
Of these days
For faster than passing seconds they will come.
Now have your fun
In this intriguing place.
Swim in the sunshine,
Breathe in the blue skies,
And trip through the fields
In the joy that is yours
For but an hour.

Myopian Utopia

by

Marianne Sari

Myopic vision blurs my earthly sight;
Where stands a fence I see a hazy gate;
My world is dimmed through nature's thoughtless fate;
With furrowed brow I seek the clouded light;
Around my objects glows a halo bright,
Like stellar rays from Phoebus radiate;
As tongues of flame, they stretch and then abate;
The image blends and mixes with the night.

Distinct and sharp, two lenses meet my eyes;
The magic of a dream-land disappears,
And everything leaps clear before my face;
I have a choice, with me decision lies;
If realism summons stinging tears,
Seclusion waits in soft and foggy space.

The Sand Cannot Drift Freely

by

Maxine Muzzy

The sand cannot drift freely.
Tremendous winds dominate minute particles . . .

Ah, Pity!
Whims and fancies ride the wing.
Man's requiem he sadly sings.

The metropolis cannot breathe.
Fog banks engulf its every corner . . .

Ah, Pity!
False reason creeps on cat-like paws,
And snuffs out truth, a camouflage.

The countryside cannot produce.
Demons of the soil infest and destroy . . .

Ah, Pity!
Prejudice rides throughout the land,
And seals the heart of every man.

The earth cannot endure.
The hand of doom is slowly rising . . .

Ah, Pity!
Man himself has locked the door
Peace, sweet Peace, is nevermore.

William Butler Yeats:
"The Lake Isle of Innisfree" and
"Sailing to Byzantium"

by
Catherine Guitar

The poems chosen for this paper are "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" and "Sailing to Byzantium." I feel that both poems are concerned with essentially the same theme: escape from reality. The manner in which Yeats carries out this theme is different in each of the poems.

"The Lake Isle of Innisfree" advocates a simple, peaceful escape from the problems of reality. Yeats chose an Irish island with which he was probably familiar as the site for this escape. This would be much different from the Byzantium to which "Sailing to Byzantium" refers. Yeats would have a very simple life on the isle.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

Yeats, then, made very clear the desired simplicity, even to the point of stating the exact number of bean-rows he would have.

A second point to which I will refer now and in "Sailing to Byzantium" is the matter of peace in this escape. In "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" Yeats would definitely have peace in his solitude on the isle. All is calm and quiet. Nature has a definite part in this quiet through the calm colors he uses for the different times of the day, and through the use of her small creatures, the cricket and the linnet:

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon
a purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings.

Yeats stresses the consistency of peace, not only in the above lines, but also in the last stanza: ". . . for always night and day / I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore." This peace will contrast with the turmoil in "Sailing to Byzantium."

A third reference to both poems is that of the cycle of time. In "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" Yeats doesn't make a definite reference, but I chose to feel (examples in the above quote) that he considered morning the past, noon the present and midnight the future. All three would continue in a never-ending cycle. Here we would have to note that Yeats developed a cycle which he felt reoccurred every 2000 years in history. Each cycle would begin and end in revolution or chaos, man would reach a certain peak of perfection, and then a gradual fall would end the

cycle, and the next 2000 years on would follow the same pattern. This will be important in studying "Sailing to Byzantium."

We have just studied "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" with regard to an escape which followed a style of simplicity, peacefulness, and time cycle. This same escape theme will now be studied in "Sailing to Byzantium," but the style will differ from the above. One of the reasons for this could be that "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" was written when Yeats was a young poet, and "Sailing to Byzantium" was written when he was older, and through many blows of the reality of life.

One of the first things that we notice in "Sailing to Byzantium" as being different from "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" is that in the latter there is a simple escape from reality, and in the city of Byzantium there are many distractions. We are told that "That is no country for old men." We are then given the impression of a definite contrast between young and old. Youth and life seem to go hand in hand, yet here Yeats tears away this light picture and forces us to look at hard reality: "Whatever is begotten, born, and dies." Thus we see that it will not be easy to escape to a pleasure island here; instead we will have a hard time fighting the claws of reality to even get away for a little while.

Yeats, for a while, even gives the impression that perhaps we won't have to escape to Byzantium after all; we might be able to turn inwardly to our souls and minds, and thus can the soul draw pleasure of itself: "Nor is there singing school but studying / Monuments of its own magnificence."

As in contrast to the peaceful escape at Innisfree, Byzantium will be a troubled escape. The one escaping cannot sit by and enjoy Nature, but will rather have to put himself into a "holy fire" to purge the soul of its impurities. This reference would seem to indicate that here Yeats would almost advocate death as an escape, the purging being like the cleansing fires of Purgatory before entry into the ultimate order, Heaven. This does not look like a peaceful picture:

Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

There are several other real differences in the escapes of the two poems. As we have noted, Innisfree was a quiet isle where the one escaping enjoyed Nature and had a place to "get away from it all." Byzantium, on the other hand, almost looks down on Nature, particularly with regard to sensual pleasures. Byzantium looks toward culture, the arts, and the intellect as the all-important things of life, and the one escaping in this poem is, in fact, trying to find himself in a civilization which values art, artifice, and intellect above all other human achievements, as opposed to the culture from which the poet is trying to escape, a culture mired in its attachment to the flesh. This paragraph brings to light the fact that perhaps the two poems under consideration here are concerned with two **different** escapes: Innisfree, a simple escape from the tangles of the everyday world, and Byzantium an escape from the entire civilization that kept one in outward and inward turmoil. In Innisfree, the poet had a quiet, peaceful escape while all he had to do was enjoy Nature. In Byzantium, on the other hand, the poet felt he had to cleanse

himself to thoroughly escape from his reality. "Sailing to Byzantium," then, is much more complex in all of the aspects covered here.

Now we come to the matter of the time cycle. In "Sailing to Byzantium" Yeats makes explicit reference to the three sections of time: past, present and future, and through the tone of this poem we would get the feeling that by "past" he meant what is mortal and would one day pass away, by "passing" he meant the present time period when each day passes with every hour, and by "the time to come" he meant eternal time, no end, lasting forever. By the mere fact that he went to the time of the city of Byzantium, he was pointing out to us, the readers, that there is, in fact, a cycle of 2000 years in which man makes and breaks himself. Byzantium rose and fell, the individual in the poem rose through the mire of life and fell in its sins, and rose again through cleansing. Every one of us will also have a lifetime of past, present, and future which will be a part of our own era of 2000 years' cycle.

In conclusion, let us note the points made in comparing and contrasting the poems "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" and "Sailing to Byzantium." Both are concerned with the problem of an escape from reality. Innisfree has a simple, peaceful, and solitary escape in a small time cycle; on the other hand, Byzantium has a complex, turbulent, and chaotic escape in a grand time cycle which enmasses Time itself. We also accidentally noted that the escapes in each of the poems were not really alike: Innisfree was merely an escape by oneself from the cares of the everyday world, but Byzantium was an escape from an entire civilization to an earlier time period. I suggest that the reason for these differences in the somewhat similar poems may have been due to the period in Yeats' life when they were written. When he was young he still found pleasure in the simple, but when he got older, he found that life was really very complex, and he had to change his feelings.

The Call

by

Karen Osgood

There is an endless Calling of the Wild
To see, to search, to seek, perhaps to find;
The Seven Wonders call with lure not mild,
The Call does bid us leave the cares behind.
It follows, pleading, "Come and follow Me:
Let worries of the world depart from mind . . .
There is so much for you to do and see,
Go not your patterned way, lest you stay blind."

And yet It calls us endlessly in vain:
There is no time to listen, less to heed,
For Life keeps pushing us to get, to gain —
To gain the THINGS that we in Life so need.
The noisy THINGS are smoth'ring out the Call,
Shoving us, ever onward, to the Fall.

Hurricane

by

Larry Farrer

Grinding, growling
 motion
 of the
Swirling, swelling
 ocean
 SLAMS
Colored, crushed
 shells
 on the
Howling, windswept
 hell . . .
 of lifeless, battered beach.
Frenzied, flaying
 trees
 in the
Wildly, whining
 breeze
 CRASH—
Ripped, ravaged,
 felled—
 to the
Howling, windswept
 hell . . .
 of battered beach below.
Cresting, rising
 tower
 of
Peerless, slashing
 power
 RAVAGES
Sea, trees,
 shells
 on the
Howling, windswept
 hell . . .

of lifeless, battered beach below.

In the twilight then —
It is spent; it is finally done.
Calm returns, not to find
Orderly, serene shorelines,
But rather, lethargic lulls of destruction.

Youth

by
Robert Hustman

Our innocence in youth
One will aspire,
When ignorance and bliss
Are joined as one.

The world is anew
And in its wonder
Our young eyes gaze
In ignorant awe.

In this world of hate
All men are good.
Our fathers are gods
And Mother's a saint.

In a time of darkness
Our young eyes content
To see what they want
And turn from despair.

Join with us now,
Ye old at heart,
In youthful repose
Enjoy life's delight.

Nocturnal Imagery

by
Judith A. McKinley

The dying wind moans softly over the countryside
Caressing each tree and vine with tender fingers.
The moon is round and heavy, wrapping the hills
and rocks in a cloak of soft satin.

I wander breathlessly among the dainty fairyland
Gazing upon the wonders of Nature, awed at the
simplicity of her charm.
Now and then a leaf will rustle, stirring up the
silent evening,
The barest whiff of breeze floats by, reminding you
of the life that is forever there.

A lazy owl, shrill and clear, sounds the passage of
night with each waning hour.
Across the fields, rich and fertile, the sound carries
for all to hear.

It is night and darkness settles about you
Slowly changing the earth to a dimly-lit stage
upon which the universe performs.

slowly changing
upon which the

Immolation

by

Judy Bateman

Knees knocking, he mounts the marbled stairs of the bureaucracy
Trying, one man alone, to change the course of history.
Drenching his costume of khaki green in a bath of kerosene,
The match strikes fire, the flames conspire
To drown out, his final shout.
We'll never know his last will out.
The human torch burns to a char
As McNamara, unknowingly, plans the war.

Thus burns the flame of moral commitment.
(Or was it the gray ash of mental illness?)

